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THE OLD SOUTH PILGRIMAGE TO NEWBURYPORT.

By Edwin D. Mead.

From the Editor's Table of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, July, 1900.

ON the Fourth of July, 1854, the city of Newburyport gave a great reception to her sons and daughters who were resident abroad. It was a famous festival, with returning sons and daughters, reminiscences and rhetoric and toasts galore; and among the toasts was the following: "The City of Boston—as we look around this day, we involuntarily ask, what would she have been without Newburyport?" How many sons the historic old town had in Boston half a century ago we do not know. The speaker who responded to the toast of "New York" on that Fourth of July said that there were three hundred in that city. However it may be with sons and daughters, we think that Boston has never in a single day sent down to Newburyport so many people interested in her history as will go there on the Old South Pilgrimage, on Saturday, June 23. For Newburyport has been chosen by the Old South Historical Society as the goal of its historical pilgrimage this year.

It is the fifth annual pilgrimage to which the young people of this enthusiastic society invite their friends. We have carefully noticed these pilgrimages year by year in these pages, because they are of interest to a wider circle than that of the young people of Boston. Young students of history in a hundred places, to whom our pages go, share in these Old South pilgrimages in imagination; and we have all these in view in writing. The first Old South pilgrimage, in the summer of 1896, was to old Rutland, Massachusetts, the "cradle of Ohio"; the pilgrimage in 1897 was to the homes and haunts of Whit-

tier by the Merrimac; that of 1898, to the King Philip country, Mount Hope, on Narragansett Bay; and last year's pilgrimage was to Plymouth. Many hundred pilgrims, young and old,—for fathers and mothers and teachers go, have joined in these annual excursions; and many hundred will go from Boston to old Newburyport on the June Saturday, to which the Old South young people look forward as one of their red-letter days.

"There are three towns," says Dr. Holmes in "Elsie Venner," "lying in a line with each other, as you go 'down east,' each of them with a *Port* in its name, and each of them having a peculiar interest, which gives it individuality, in addition to the Oriental character they have in common. I need not tell you that these towns are Newburyport, Portsmouth and Portland. The Oriental character they have in common exists in their large, square, palatial mansions, with sunny gardens round them. The two first have seen better days. . . . Each of them is of that intermediate size between a village and a city which any place has outgrown when the presence of a well-dressed stranger walking up and down the main street ceases to be a matter of public curiosity and private speculation, as frequently happens, during the busier months of the year, in considerable commercial centres like Salem. They both have grand old recollections to fall back upon,—times when they looked forward to commercial greatness, and when the portly gentlemen in cocked hats, who built their now decaying wharves and sent out their ships all over the world, dreamed that their fast growing port was to be the Tyre or the Carthage of the rich British colony. Great houses, like that once lived in by Lord Timothy Dexter, in Newburyport, remain as evidence of the fortunes amassed in these places of old. . . . It is not with any thought of pity or depreciation that we speak of them as in a certain sense decayed towns; they did not

fulfil their early promise of expansion, but they remain incomparably the most interesting places of their size in any of the three northernmost New England states."

The beginning of that one of the three *Ports* with which our Old South pilgrims are concerned dates back almost as far as the beginning of Boston. In the ship *Mary and John*, which sailed from the Thames to Massachusetts in 1634, came Rev. Thomas Parker, Rev. James Noyes and a large company of their friends. Most of them went to Agawam, now Ipswich, where they remained until the spring of 1635, when they removed together to a place on the river called by the Indians Quasacunquen and now called Parker River. On May 6, 1635, the House of Deputies passed the following order: "Quasacunquen is allowed by the court to be a plantation . . . and the name of said plantation shall be changed and shall hereafter be called Newberry." It was at Newbury in England that Rev. Thomas Parker had preached before he came to Massachusetts; and the settlers thus honored their first pastor in naming their town.

There were no roads through the forest. The settlers came by water from Ipswich, in open boats, through Plum Island Sound, and up the Parker River, landing on the north shore of the river in a little cove about one hundred rods below the present bridge. Nicholas Noyes, the brother of Rev. James Noyes, was the first person who leaped ashore. Here on the Sabbath, under a majestic oak, Mr. Parker preached his first sermon; and at the close of the sermon a church covenant was agreed upon. Mr. Parker was chosen pastor; and James Noyes was chosen teacher. The two men were cousins. Cotton Mather, in the *Magnalia*, says of them: "They taught in one school (in England); came over in one ship; were pastor and teacher of one church; and Mr. Parker continuing always in celibacy, they lived

in one house till death separated them for a time." Their first residence in Newbury was at the Lower Green; but on the removal of the meeting-house, in 1646, to the Upper Green, Mr. Noyes built a house on what is now known as Parker Street, and lived there until his death in 1656. Mr. Parker continued to live in the house with the widow and her children until his own death, in 1677, in the eighty-second year of his age. For many generations the Noyes family continued to reside here, the last occupant, Mary, Coffin Noyes, having died in 1895; and the house, the oldest in Newbury, still stands in good preservation. The two men who thus first ministered together to the Newbury church were both Oxford scholars and able theologians. The catechism composed by Noyes for the use of the Newbury children is reprinted by Coffin in his history of Newbury. Parker early distinguished himself by writing two important Latin books, *De Translatione Peccatoris* and *Methodus Devinæ Gratiæ*; and when old and blind, "the Homer of New England," he had a memorable controversy with President Chauncy.

The first meeting-house stood on the Lower Green. Near it was the first graveyard. The earliest burials were not appropriately marked, and cannot now be identified. The oldest inscription that can be deciphered reads: "Here lyes y^e body of William Dole aged 58 years died Janry y^e 29th 1717-8." This William Dole was the son of Richard Dole, who came to Newbury from Bristol, England, in 1639, and who was the ancestor of Rev. Charles F. Dole, to whom our young people owe so much for his books on good citizenship, of Nathan Haskell Dole, the poet and critic, and of Governor Dole of Hawaii.

From Bristol also came in that same year John, Richard and Percival Lowell, the first of that great Lowell family which for more than two cen-



tures has played so distinguished a part in New England. Rev. John Lowell was the first pastor of the First Parish in Newburyport. His son was the eminent Judge John Lowell, who in the convention that framed the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1780 secured the adoption of the clause which abolished slavery in the State. Judge Lowell was the father of Francis Cabot Lowell, for whom the city of Lowell was named and who was the father of John Lowell who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston; he was also the father of Charles Lowell, the eminent minister of the West Church in Boston and father of James Russell Lowell. The fine mansion which Judge Lowell built for himself on the High Street in Newburyport, and which he sold to Patrick Tracy for £10,000 in 1778, when he removed to Boston, still stands. Here in 1782 Mr. John Tracy entertained the Marquis de Chastellux and other distinguished Frenchmen, M. de Montesquieu (a grandson of the author of the "Spirit of the Laws"), the Baron de Talleyrand (not to be confounded with the distinguished Talleyrand) and M. de Vandreuil,—whose impressions of Newburyport at that time may be found in the books.

The Tracy family played a very important part in Newburyport in the last century. Its head was Patrick Tracy, who came to New England from Ireland early in the eighteenth century and became a wealthy merchant and shipowner in Newburyport. Just before Patrick Tracy bought the Lowell house for his son John, he built for his son Nathaniel the fine mansion on State Street which, now transformed into the Public Library and housing appropriately the Old Newbury Historical Society, has perhaps a greater wealth of historical associations than any other building in Newburyport. Nathaniel Tracy, after graduating from Harvard College and taking a

supplementary course at Yale, began business at Newburyport in 1772, in partnership with Jonathan Jackson, who that same year married his sister, Hannah Tracy, and built for himself the house on High Street afterwards famous as the home of the eccentric Lord Timothy Dexter. Nathaniel Tracy's transactions were enormous, and his generosity was unstinted. During the Revolutionary War he contributed over \$160,000 from his own private resources for the support of the government. He fitted out a great fleet of privateers, the first of which sailed from Newburyport in August, 1775. He was the principal owner of 24 cruising ships, carrying 340 guns, and navigated by 2,800 men. They captured 120 vessels, which, with their cargoes, were sold for nearly \$4,000,000; and with these prizes 2,225 men were taken prisoners of war. During the same period, Mr. Tracy was the principal owner of 110 merchant vessels, valued with their cargoes at nearly three million dollars. He owned several houses, in addition to the mansion on State Street. Among them was the old Craigie House in Cambridge, formerly Washington's headquarters and afterwards the home of Longfellow, and the famous old stone house in Newbury known as the Pierce House. This house, built about 1670, before King Philip's War, long occupied by ancestors of President Pierce, is one of the revered places in Newbury. "The great porch of this old house," writes Harriet Prescott Spofford (in a delightful article about Newburyport, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1875), "is said to be the most beautiful architectural specimen in this part of the country, although it doubtless owes part of its beauty to the mellow and varied coloring which two hundred years have given it." To the old stone house the Old South young folks will doubtless pilgrimage. Here Nathaniel Tracy, broken-hearted and

discouraged, his fortune lost, spent the last ten years of his life, and here he died in 1796. It is with the mansion on State Street, however, where he lived so magnificently, that we chiefly associate him. Thomas Jefferson was his intimate friend and was his guest here for some time in 1784, sailing with him from Boston for England in Mr. Tracy's ship *Ceres*. It was in this house, then in the hands of Hon. Jonathan Jackson, that Washington was lodged during his visit to Newburyport in 1789; and the same apartments were occupied by Lafayette during his visit in 1824. Nathaniel Tracy's portrait hangs in the old building; and there too hang photographic copies of the old portrait of Patrick Tracy and of the portraits by Copley of Jonathan Jackson and his wife, now owned by the Jackson family in Boston.

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"Ould Newbury" embraced within its limits the present towns of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury. It was one of the largest towns in the colony. The area of the township was nearly 30,000 acres. The extreme length of the town from the mouth of the Merrimac to the farthestmost western boundary was nearly thirteen miles, and the width at the broadest part was six miles. The first settlement, as we have noticed, was at the Lower Green, on Parker River; but the maritime village which in a few years sprang up at the mouth of the Merrimac rapidly outstripped the farming settlement. It was not, however, until 1764, just before the Stamp Act, that Newburyport received a separate organization. West Newbury became an independent town in 1819.

The annals of old Newbury during its first century are like the annals of a hundred old New England towns. They are chiefly church annals; but Indian alarms, militia, mills, farms, fishing, taverns, taxation, shipbuilding, Quakers, Baptists and witches

play their part. The church in Newburyport seems to have been the most democratic in the whole colony, its members, while most respectful to their ministers, most jealous of any assumption of official authority. Lechford in Boston in 1642 wrote: "Of late some churches are of opinion that any may be admitted to church fellowship that are not extremely ignorant and scandalous, but this they are not very forward to practise *except at Newbury*." This was the way the democracy looked to outsiders. It is edifying to read of its struggles in detail in Coffin's history.

In 1637 the town sent its contingent to the war against the Pequots—the little army pausing on its march to discuss whether it was living under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works. This was only two years after the founding of the town. Year by year the records give us glimpses of all sorts into the Newbury life—its nobilities and severities and trivialities. In 1639 Anthony Somerby was granted four acres of upland "for his encouragement to keepe schoole for one yeare." In 1653 the town "voted to pay £24 yearly to maintain a free school to be held at the meeting-house, the master to teach all children sent to him so soon as they have their letters and begin to read." "Tristram Coffyn's wife Dionis was presented for selling beer," at Coffyn's ordinary in Newbury, "for three-pence a quart." Having proved, "upon the testimony of Samuel Moores, that she put six bushels of malt into the hogshead, she was discharged." It was a question of giving strong enough beer for the money; the law fixed the price at two-pence a quart, four bushels of malt to the hogshead. This was in 1653, six years after Tristram Coffyn came to Newburyport from Haverhill, where and at Salisbury he had lived since 1642, when, with his wife, mother, two sisters and five children, he came to Massachusetts from Devonshire.

His Newburyport home was opposite Carr's Island, by the ferry. "He was a royalist and was, so far as I can ascertain," writes his descendant, Joshua Coffin, the Newburyport antiquarian, to whose history we owe so much, "the only one of the early settlers of Newbury who came to America in consequence of the success of Oliver Cromwell." In 1659 he went to Nantucket, where he purchased for himself and his associates many thousand acres of land, becoming the head of the great Nantucket Coffin family. His son, Tristram, was perhaps the builder of the famous old Coffin house at Newburyport, which dates from the middle of the seventeenth century and which has belonged to the Coffin family, generation after generation, ever since. Perhaps the house was built by this Tristram's wife's first husband, and thus Tristram got his wife and the good house together. The Old Newbury Historical Society is at this time considering the making of this venerable house its headquarters. The first Newbury centennial was celebrated in its front yard, in 1735; and in the old homestead, where he was born, in 1792, and where, in 1864, he died, Joshua Coffin prepared his history of Newbury. One of the large elms on the place was planted by his father on the day when he was born. In his early life he taught school in Haverhill and elsewhere, and one of his pupils was Whittier, whose well known lines, "To My Old Schoolmaster," are addressed to him. The last words too of Whittier's letter written for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Newbury, in 1885, were these: "Let me, in closing, pay something of the debt I have owed from boyhood, by expressing a sentiment in which I trust every son of the ancient town will unite: Joshua Coffin, historian of Newbury, teacher, scholar and antiquarian, and one of the earliest advocates of slave emancipation:

May his memory be kept green, to use the words of Judge Sewall, 'so long as Plum Island keeps its post and a sturgeon leaps in Merrimac River.'" The old South pilgrims will look on no house more venerable than the old Coffin house; and they will remember that Charles Carleton Coffin, who gave so many Old South lectures and wrote so many books for young Americans, was a descendant of old Tristram, whose wife, Dionis, sold good beer for threepence a quart.

One and another were fined for entertaining Quakers. Aquila Chase and his wife are presented and admonished for picking peas on the Sabbath day—the justice who admonished them not divining that their descendant far on, Salmon P. Chase, would be chief justice of the United States. "Nicholas Noyes's wife, Hugh March's wife and William Chandler's wife were each presented for wearing a silk hood and scarf," but were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth £200 each. Elizabeth Morse, the alleged "witch," was condemned to death by the Court of Assistants at Boston for her sinful behavior, "instigated by the Devil," but was saved by the firmness of Governor Bradstreet. Here is an entry that gives a glimpse into the church life: "October 18, 1700: voted that a pew be built for the minister's wife by the pulpit stairs [in the new meeting-house], that Colonel Daniel Pierce shall have the first choice for a pew, and Major Thomas Noyes shall have the next choice, and that Colonel Daniel Pierce esquire and Tristram Coffin esquire be empowered to procure a bell of 400 pounds' weight." In 1714 Rev. John Tufts published a tune-book, which was sold for sixpence. It was the first publication of the kind in New England, containing twenty-eight tunes. This at a time when four or five tunes—York, Hackney, St. Mary, Windsor and Martyrs—were the only tunes known in most places,

was certainly an ambitious enterprise.

Before the Revolution Newburyport had become a great shipbuilding centre; in 1772, ninety vessels were built here. But the Revolution and the drain of men for the Essex regiments checked the prosperity of the place. Newburyport became a separate town just in the exciting Stamp Act times; and the Newburyport town meetings in the ten years before Lexington were almost as energetic as those in Boston. Newburyport made a bonfire of her British tea before Boston pitched hers into the harbor. The rector of St. Paul's Church, Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards first Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, was occasionally hooted in the streets as a Tory. Rev. Jonathan Parsons, in the Old South Church, closed one of his sermons in the spring of 1775 with an appeal to such of his hearers as were ready to enlist to step out into the broad aisle. Ezra Lunt was the first to come forward; and before the meeting broke up there had been raised within the church the first volunteer company organized for service in the Continental army, which afterwards under Captain Lunt rendered good service at Bunker Hill. It was at Newburyport that the expedition for the capture of Quebec, under Benedict Arnold, in 1775, embarked on board ten transports, and set sail from the Merrimac for the Kennebec. The troops were quartered in the town for several days, and the officers, Arnold, Aaron Burr, Morgan, Dearborn and others, entertained by leading citizens. On Sunday the troops, with flags and drums, marched to the Old South Church to hear their chaplain preach. Of Newburyport's sufferings during the Revolution some idea may be gained from the fact that twenty-two vessels, carrying a thousand men, which left the town during those years, were never afterwards heard from, some perishing in storms and some in combat. The city's trade and commerce had hardly revived

after the Revolution when the embargo in 1807 and the great fire of 1811 struck their crushing blows.

We have spoken of Washington's visit to the town in 1789. He was escorted by cavalry from Ipswich. When he reached the dividing line between Newbury and Newburyport, a halt was made and an ode of welcome sung by a large chorus. In the town an address prepared by John Quincy Adams, then a student in the office of Theophilus Parsons, was delivered, to which Washington replied; and there were fireworks, a reception and great festivities. We have a description of the town at about this time, by President Dwight of Yale College, who visited it in 1796.

"The town," he wrote, "is built on a declivity of univalled beauty. The slope is easy and elegant; the soil rich; the streets, except one near the water, clean and sweet; and the verdure, wherever it is visible, exquisite. The streets are either parallel or right-angled to the river, the southern shore of which bends here towards the southeast. . . . There are few towns of equal beauty in this country. The houses, taken collectively, make a better appearance than those of any other town in New England. Many of them are particularly handsome. Their appendages also are unusually neat. Indeed, an air of wealth, taste and elegance is spread over this beautiful spot, with a cheerfulness and brilliancy to which I know no rival."

We get another interesting glimpse of the old town half a century farther on in Colonel Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays." Higginson, a young radical of twenty-four, became the minister of the First Religious Society at Newburyport in 1847, and preached there for two years, quickly becoming active in the temperance agitation, the peace movement, the woman's rights movement, social reform and antislavery. He writes in his reminiscences:

"The parish, which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea-captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans,

and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. All their prejudices ran in one direction, and their view of the case differed from that of Boston society only as a rope's end differs from a rapier. One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport, Caleb Cushing—for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed—was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican war. It now seems to me strange that, under all these circumstances, I held my place for two years and a half. Of course it cannot be claimed that I showed unvarying tact; indeed, I can now see that it was quite otherwise; but it was a case where tact counted for little; in fact, I think my sea-captains did not wholly dislike my plainness of speech, though they felt bound to discipline it; and moreover, the whole younger community was on my side. It did not help the matter that I let myself be nominated for Congress by the new 'Free Soil' party in 1848, and stumped the district, though in a hopeless minority. The nomination was Whittier's doing, partly to prevent that party from nominating him. . . . Having been, of course, defeated for Congress, as I had simply stood in a gap, I lived in Newburyport for more than two years longer, after giving up my parish. This time was spent in writing for newspapers, teaching private classes in different studies, serving on the school committee and organizing public evening schools, then a great novelty. The place was, and is, a manufacturing town, and I had a large and intelligent class of factory girls, mostly American, who came to my house for reading and study once a week. In this work I enlisted a set of young maidens of unusual ability, several of whom were afterward well known to the world: Harriet Prescott, afterwards Mrs. Spofford; Louisa Stone, afterward Mrs. Hopkins (well known for her educational writings); Jane Andrews (author of 'The Seven Little Sisters,' a book which has been translated into Chinese and Japanese); her sister Caroline, afterward Mrs. Rufus Leighton (author of 'Life at Puget Sound'); and others not their inferiors, though their names were not to be found in print. I have never encountered elsewhere so noteworthy a group of young women, and all that period of work is a delightful reminiscence. My youthful coadjutors had been trained in a remarkably good school, the Putnam Free School, kept by William H. Wells, a celebrated teacher; and I had his hearty co-operation, and also that of Professor

Alpheus Crosby, one of the best scholars in New England, and then resident in Newburyport. With his aid I established a series of prizes for the best prose and poetry written by the young people of the town; and the first evidence given of the unusual talents of Harriet Prescott Spofford was in a very daring and original essay on 'Hamlet,' written at sixteen, and gaining the first prize. I had also to do with the courses of lectures and concerts, and superintended the annual Floral Processions which were then a pretty feature of the Fourth of July in Essex County. On the whole, perhaps, I was as acceptable a citizen of the town as could be reasonably expected of one who had preached himself out of his pulpit."

This was the Newburyport which Mary Hemenway, the founder of the Old South work, used to visit as a girl. She was Mary Tileston then. Her mother's family had Newburyport roots; and her father, Thomas Tileston, was from Haverhill—a Merrimac River man. In her youth she spent one happy winter in Newburyport; and to the last she had a warm affection for the old town.

The first history of Newburyport was a little book by Caleb Cushing, "The History and Present State of the Town of Newburyport," published by its youthful author in 1826. In 1845 came "The History of Newbury, Newburyport and West Newbury," by Joshua Coffin, to which we have referred; and in 1854 "The History of Newburyport," by Mrs. E. Vale Smith. "Ould Newbury," the charming volume of historical and biographical sketches, by John J. Currier, with its hundred and more pictures of all the interesting Newburyport places and persons, appeared in 1896. We have mentioned the article by Mrs. Spofford in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1875; and a fine illustrated article upon the historic old town by Ethel Parton was published in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for October, 1891. The Old South pilgrims therefore will have no lack of good reading about Newburyport.

The Old South young people would be fortunate if they could se-

cure the author of "Ould Newbury" as one of their speakers at the little celebration after their luncheon on the June Saturday. Interesting indeed would be the talk in which he could indulge. He could tell of the graves of the famous fathers and mothers in the First Parish burying-ground in Newbury, in the Old Hill burying-ground, the New Hill burying-ground and Oak Hill. He could recite a score of curious old epitaphs, like this upon Daniel Noyes at Newbury:

"As you are, so was I,
God did call and I did dy.
Now children all,
Whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ
Your only choice."

One descendant of one of the Newburyport children named Noyes is Mrs. William Dean Howells. As Mr. and Mrs. Howells are spending the summer at Annisquam, just across the bay from Newburyport, they should certainly be invited to join in the pilgrimage. The antiquarian could tell of poor Rebecca Rawson, whose romantic tale Whittier has preserved for us in "Margaret Smith's Journal," who, betrayed by an adventurer pretending to be the nephew of Lord Chief Justice Hale, was swallowed up at last, in 1692, by an earthquake, in Jamaica—a fate more tragical than that of Agnes Surriage, with her Lisbon earthquake. He could tell of the sundry earthquakes which seem forever to have been shaking Newburyport itself in those early days. He could tell how in 1695 a party of Indians fell upon the home of Francis Brown on Turkey Hill, tomahawked a girl standing at the front door, and took nine women and children away captive. He could tell of the house, now standing, at Turkey Hill, built in 1748 by Colonel Moses Little, who led four companies to Bunker Hill, and who was officer of the day when Washington took command of the army at

Cambridge. He could tell how Colonel Moses Titcomb served under Pepperell at the siege of Louisburg in 1745; and how Nathaniel Knapp brought home from the second siege of Louisburg in 1759 the great cast-iron bomb-shell which now stands on the stone post at the street corner where he once lived. He could tell of the great congregation which thronged the old meeting-house in Market Square in 1755 to give Colonel Titcomb and his men its blessing as they marched for Crown Point; and of Mr. Lowell's sermon from the text, "Moses, my servant, is dead," when, a few months later, the gallant Colonel's body was brought home. He could tell of the great feast beside the meeting-house, with the broiled ox, when Quebec was captured. He could tell of Captain Davenport and his Newburyport company on the Plains of Abraham when General Wolfe was killed; and of the old Wolfe Tavern, which Davenport built just afterwards, with the portrait of Wolfe swinging as a sign from a lofty pole,—which tavern in the Stamp Act days became the great centre of sedition, a veritable Green Dragon Tavern for Newburyport. He could tell how Benjamin Franklin visited the town in 1754, and studied the effects of the lightning which struck the steeple of the old meeting-house. He could tell how Paul Revere cast the great bell which until just now hung in the belfry of St. Paul's. He could tell of the old farmhouse at Indian Hill, which Ben Perley Poore, who loved it so well, made a veritable historical museum. He could tell the history of the great elm on Parker Street, about which Hannah Gould wrote her loving verses. He could tell of the Wheelwrights,—Abraham, the artilleryman and privateersman of the Revolution, one of the last who wore in Newburyport knee-breeches and long stockings; and the energetic William, who founded steamship lines and built railroads in South America, and

whose generous bequest now pays the expenses of Newburyport boys at the Institute of Technology. He could tell of Lord Timothy Dexter, who rated himself "the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the known world," of his book, "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and his grotesque home, with its wooden statues, on High Street. He could tell of Tristram Dalton, one of the first two senators elected to Congress from Massachusetts,—of his mansion house still standing on State Street, and his farm on Pipe Stave Hill. "I do not recollect any establishment in our country," wrote Samuel Breck, who visited him there in 1787, "that contained generally so many objects fitted to promote rational happiness. From the piazza or front part of his country house, the farms were so numerous and the villages so thickly planted that eighteen steeples were in view." A visiting Frenchman wrote: "He has fine apples, grapes and pears; but he complains that children steal them, an offence readily pardoned in a free country." Mr. Breck observes rightly that "he was unluckily elected" to the Senate. "Home, that dear home where so much felicity had been enjoyed, was forsaken—temporarily, as they first supposed, but everlastingly, as it turned out." It is a melancholy story,—Eben F. Stone, the Newburyport scholar, has told it best,—ending at last with the grave in St. Paul's churchyard.

Pipe Stave Hill lingered pleasantly through life in the memory of President Felton of Harvard, the great Greek scholar, who was a Newburyport boy, and who at the Newburyport celebration in 1854 said: "The old training field, where an ancestor of mine distinguished himself as sergeant in a militia company, was to me another Campus Martius; the beautiful Merrimac flowed, in my imagination, like the broad and boundless Hellespont of Homer; and Pipe

Stave Hill rose like the Grecian Olympus to the sky."

General Greely, who is now at the head of the Weather Bureau, and is therefore depended upon to give the Old South pilgrims a rare June day, is a native of Newburyport; and on his return voyage, after his terrible Arctic sojourn, his ship first neared the coast off the mouth of the Merrimac, giving him for his first sight of his own country the outlines of his boyhood hills.

Many indeed have been the famous lives which in one way or another have touched Newburyport. The Old South pilgrims will think chiefly of old Samuel Sewall, George Whitefield, Theophilus Parsons, Caleb Cushing, William Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, James Parton and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Spofford still lives at the lovely home on Deer Island in the Merrimac, to which the old chain bridge, the first American suspension bridge, leads. Whittier's loving sonnet to her husband, "R. S. S. at Deer Island on the Merrimac," will be remembered. James Parton's home was on High Street, and his grave is at Oak Hill. For nearly twenty years Parton lived in Newburyport; and the Old South young people will be glad to be reminded, at this centennial of Jefferson's election, that his first work in Newburyport was his *Life of Jefferson*, which still remains the best popular life.

On High Street too stands the old home of Caleb Cushing. Cushing was born in Salisbury in 1800, but the family removed to Newburyport in 1802, and there, with the interruptions brought by his public life, he lived until his death in 1879. His public life was indeed varied and dramatic. He represented Newburyport in the legislature, and he was her first mayor. He was four terms representative in Congress, was minister to China and minister to Spain. He organized and was the colonel of the only regiment that went from Massachusetts to the Mexican War. He

was a justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, attorney general of the United States, and one of the American counsel before the Geneva tribunal. He was nominated by President Grant to be chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but for political reasons was not confirmed.

As famous a lawyer as Caleb Cushing in his day was Theophilus Parsons; and his Newburyport house, dating from 1789, and therefore of just the same age as our national government, also still stands in good preservation. No one did more than he to secure the adoption of the national constitution by Massachusetts. There studied in his Newburyport law office, among others, Rufus King, Robert Treat Paine, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and John Quincy Adams. A satirical poem written by Adams at Newburyport created some consternation among the young ladies there, whom under fictitious names it described. In 1806 Theophilus Parsons became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. His thoughts upon his deathbed were of his judicial duties; and his last words were, "Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed and in your hands."

Henry Sewall, of Coventry, England, sent his son Henry to New England in 1634, and shortly after came himself. They were among the first settlers of Newbury. In 1646 the son married Jane Dummer of Newbury, and soon after went to England. Samuel Sewall, their eldest son, was born there in 1652. He came to Newbury with his mother in 1661—his father had returned before—and during his boyhood pursued his studies under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Parker, who resided in the Noyes house, just across the way from his own home. He graduated from Harvard College in 1671; and four or five years later was married by Governor Bradstreet to Hannah Hull, the daughter of John Hull, the

master of the mint and coiner of the famous pine tree shillings. His life was chiefly lived in Boston, and his dust lies in the old Granary burying-ground. He was one of the judges of the special court for the trial of the "witches"—for whose condemnation he did public penance in the Old South Church; and in 1718 he became chief justice of the province. His famous Diary is a unique reflection of the period. It shows in many places how lovingly he remembered Newburyport. He once expressed the opinion that the millennium would begin somewhere in the vicinity of Oldtown meeting-house. The Diary gives us the tender address which he delivered at the grave of his mother. The inscription on the stone that marks the grave of his father and mother in the old Newbury burying-ground was undoubtedly written by him. Pathos and humor jostle each other in Samuel Sewall's Diary; and the pilgrims will laugh at the following letter written to Rev. Timothy Woodbridge of Hartford in 1721, a year after the death of the great judge's second wife,—which takes us back to his Newbury school days:

"I remember when I was going from school at Newbury, I have sometimes met your Sisters, Martha and Mary, at the end of Mrs. Noyes's Lane, coming from Schoole at Chandler's Lane, in their Hanging Sleeves; and have had the pleasure of Speaking with them; and I could find in my heart to speak with Mrs. Martha again, now I myself am reduc'd to my Hanging Sleeves. . . . To cherish me in my advanced years (I was born March 28, 1652) Methinks I could venture to lay my Weary head in her Lap, if it might be brought to pass upon Honest Conditions. You know your Sister's Age, and Disposition, and Circumstances, better than I doe. I should be glad of your Advice in my Fluctuations. S. S."

Hanging sleeves were over-sleeves worn by children; the old judge is joking about his second childhood. What answer came to this letter we do not know. Evidently the suit did not prosper; for Samuel Sewall the next year married the Widow Gibbs.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the judge's sister, Annie Sewall, married William Longfellow, the first American ancestor of the great poet; for the Longfellow family, too, had its roots in Newbury, and "Brother Longfellow" comes often into Samuel Sewall's Diary.

In truth, we begin to think that almost everybody has roots more or less deep in Newburyport. Edward Everett Hale, whom the Old South young people love and revere so deeply, and who is going with them on their pilgrimage, has roots there—his great-great-grandfather having been Samuel Hale of Newburyport. One Thomas Hale came to Newbury in 1637 or 1638. He had a son Thomas and a grandson Thomas. This third Thomas weighed five hundred pounds and had "a strong and sonorous voice that could be heard at a great distance." He was captain of the militia and justice of the peace, and "kept an ordinary and sold rum"; but he was not the ancestor of Edward Everett Hale. That ancestor came to Newburyport from Beverly; but his coming makes us think that the Beverly Hales and the Newburyport family were related. Samuel Hale and Richard Hale were two of the hundred or more people who in 1745 united to form the Presbyterian (Old South) Church, under Rev. Jonathan Parsons.

On Sunday morning, September 30, 1770, George Whitefield died in Newburyport, at the residence of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, on School Street. It was just thirty years from the day (September 30, 1740) when he first preached in Newburyport, in the old meeting-house in Market Square, where Rev. John Lowell was then ministering. He preached there many times afterwards, always to great throngs. It is perhaps Whitefield's death and burial in Newburyport that have made the town most famous round the world. If the Old South young people are led by their pilgrimage to new studies of the life

and influence of this great man, they will receive at least one real inspiration. Perhaps no other man ever preached to such great multitudes or affected multitudes so deeply. His power touched England and America alike, and England and America alike mourned his loss. In London, before thousands, John Wesley preached his funeral sermon; and our young students will read the poetical tributes of Charles Wesley and of Cowper. Seven times he visited America. Samuel Adams and his sister as children heard him preach on Boston Common; he died in the same year that Samuel Adams and the Boston town meeting gave the orders which sent the British regiments from their town to Castle William. "I would fain die preaching," Whitefield once said; and practically he did. He arrived at Newburyport, almost exhausted, late on Saturday, from Portsmouth and Exeter, where he had been preaching great sermons to great crowds. Neighbors and friends, eager to see him, thronged about the parsonage and, just as he had taken a candle and was retiring to his chamber, even pressed into the hall to hear him. He paused on the staircase, holding the candle above his head, and, although weak and ill, spoke on to them "until the candle burned away and went out in its socket." The next morning he was dead. On Tuesday his funeral was held in the Old South Church, which had been founded as a result of his preaching; and in a vault beneath the pulpit he was laid to rest. The Bible that he used in the church is carefully preserved and still used on special occasions. The house in which he died still stands, next to the house where Garrison was born; but it is now a tenement house and not the parsonage, and the broad hall where the people gathered and the staircase from which Whitefield gave his last message are gone.

As great an influence as White-



field's was to be exercised by the boy born under the shadow of the Old South Church in December, 1805. The young people will read anew of the poverty and struggles of young William Lloyd Garrison, of his faithful mother, of his brief days at the old Grammar School on the Mall, of how he earned his board by helping Deacon Bartlett, of how he led the "South End" boys against the "North Enders," and how he swam across the river to Great Rock. He joined the choir of the Baptist church while yet a boy. The first psalm tune he ever learned was the 34th Psalm:

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,"

which our pilgrims should sing as part of their programme; and "Wicklow" he first heard at the singing-school in Belleville (part of Newburyport), "where there were lots of boys and pretty girls." To the end of his life he sang these tunes, with "Coronation," "Hebron," "Ward," "Denmark," "Lénox" and "Majesty," each Sunday morning. How by and by he got a chance to set type in the *Herald* office; began soon to write communications to the paper; and in 1826 established a paper of his own, *The Free Press*, which he edited for a year, then leaving Newburyport for Boston,—these things the young folks know. He was a most skilful and accurate printer, and he celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship, in 1878, by visiting Newburyport and once more setting type in the office of the *Herald*. He put three of his own sonnets into type with amazing rapidity and without a single error. It is in *The Free Press* that we have his first words on slavery. He commends a poem which denounces slavery; and in an editorial on the approaching "Fourth of July," with suggestions for the orators, he says: "There is one theme which should be dwelt upon, till our whole country is free from the curse—it is SLAVERY."

"Our Country, Our Whole Country, and Nothing but Our Country" was the motto chosen for *The Free Press*. The motto of the *Liberator*, founded five years later, was "Our Country is the World—Our Countrymen are Mankind." That measured the young reformer's advance. It was a Newburyport friend, Isaac Knapp, who was associated with Garrison in founding the *Liberator*. When the New England Antislavery Society was formed in 1832, three of the twelve who formed it were from Newburyport or Newbury. Whittier said that "the town must be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of antislavery agitation, beginning with its abolition deacon and ending with Garrison." Its abolition deacon was Benjamin Colman, who as early as 1780 was in hot controversy on the subject. It was gratifying to Garrison to know that John Lowell, author of the freedom clause in the Massachusetts Constitution, was born in Newburyport; and he might have remembered that Samuel Sewall in 1710 published a tract against slavery, entitled "The Selling of Joseph." "In 1716," the old judge says in his Diary, "I essayed to prevent negroes and Indians being rated with horses and cattle, but could not succeed." When the thick of the fight with slavery came, Garrison found church doors closed against him in Newburyport as well as elsewhere; and some of his sharp invectives are against his native place. Yet in the midst of his persecutions by friends and foes alike, his love for his birthplace found expression in the following sonnet:

"Whether a persecuted child of thine
Thou deign to own, my lovely native place!
In characters that time can not efface,
Thy worth is graved upon this heart of mine.
Forsake me not in anger, nor repine
That with this nation I am in disgrace:
From ruthless bondage to redeem my race,
And save my country, is my great design."

How much soe'er my conduct thou dost
 blame
 (For Hate and Calumny belie my
 course),
 My labors shall not sully thy fair fame;
 But they shall be to thee a fountain-
 source
 Of joyfulness hereafter—when my name
 Shall e'en from tyrants a high tribute
 force."

The tribute from Newburyport came on the 22d of February, 1865, when, after the passage of the thirteenth amendment, forever abolishing slavery in the United States, Garrison, responding to the greeting and invitation of his old townsmen, delivered an address to an audience which packed the City Hall to overflowing and received him with great enthusiasm. It was for this occasion that Whittier wrote his noble Emancipation Hymn.

The most important episode of Garrison's editorial career in Newburyport was his discovery of Whittier. One day he found under the door of his office a poem entitled "The Exile's Departure," signed "W." Whittier's sister had sent it without her brother's knowledge. Great was the young poet's amazement when, working with his father by the roadside mending a stone wall, the *Free Press* containing his verses came into his hands. Another poem followed; and then the young editor drove out to East Haverhill to find his new contributor. The story is well known; and this was the beginning of Whittier's poetical career.

Whittier's own associations with Newburyport were intimate. "Although I can hardly call myself a son of the ancient town," he wrote, "my grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf, of blessed memory, was its daughter, and I may therefore claim to be its grandson. Its genial and learned historian, Joshua Coffin, was my first school-teacher, and all my life I have lived in sight of its green hills and in hearing of its Sabbath bells. . . . Its history and legends are familiar to me. I seem to have known all its old wor-

thies." He recalls proudly how "more than two centuries ago, when Major Pike, just across the river, stood up and denounced in open town meeting the law against freedom of conscience and worship, and was in consequence fined and outlawed, some of Newbury's best citizens stood bravely by him;" and how "the Quakers whipped at Hampton on the one hand and at Salem on the other, went back and forth unmolested in Newbury." "Among the blessings which I would gratefully own," he wrote, "is the fact that my lot has been cast in the beautiful valley of the Merrimac, within sight of Newbury steeples, Plum Island, and Crane Neck and Pipe Stave hills." In the home of his cousin, Joseph Cartland, in Newburyport, he spent many of his later days. A score of his poems touch Newburyport; and it is he who has transfigured the old town. Thomas Macy, in his memorable race from the sheriff and the priest, in "The Exiles," glided in his boat past Deer Island's rocks and Newbury's spire. In thinking of "The Swan Song of Parson Avery," we remember that "Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight," and that, after the wreck, "in the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read." "The Double-headed Snake of Newbury" is based on a tale which descends from Cotton Mather. In "Miriam" we have the beautiful picture of the view towards Newburyport and the ocean from Powow Hill, beside the poet's Amesbury home. "The Bay of Seven Islands" is associated pleasantly with Harriet Prescott Spofford and her home "among Deer Island's immemorial pines," and tells of the tragical fate which befell the brave young skipper who sailed from the Merrimac's mouth and never again came back. The "Tent on the Beach" was pitched on Salisbury beach toward the Hampton meadows. "The Hampton river winds through these meadows, and the reader may, if he

choose, imagine my tent pitched near its mouth, where also was the scene of the 'Wreck of Rivermouth.' The green bluff to the northward is Great Boar's Head; southward is the Merrimac with Newburyport lifting its steeples above brown roofs and green trees on its banks." The reader will remember that at the close of "The Tent on the Beach," when the singer had sung "The harp at Nature's advent strung," and the traveller had said: "*Allah il Allah,*"

"He paused, and lo! far, faint and slow,
The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled
The twelve dead hours."

The little poem entitled "Our State" was written for the dedication of a new schoolhouse in Newbury; and there could be no better hymn for the Old South pilgrims in their program than its last three verses.

Nowhere else is the spirit of Whitefield, "whose memory hallows the ancient town," so impressively revealed as in "The Preacher," greatest of the Newburyport poems, and one of the greatest of all of Whittier's poems:

"Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones,
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him
search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield
Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of
trade,
And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent."

"The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall" will unite in the minds of the Old South pilgrims the Old South Meet-

ing-house in Boston, in which the old judge did penance for his part in the witchcraft courts, and his boyhood home, to which they go on the June Saturday. It gives beautiful pictures of the Newbury hills and homes, and rhymes the famous prophecy which "the Judge of the old Theocracy" pronounced for Newbury. The Old South pilgrims will like to compare the poet's version with the judge's own words, as we have them in his "New Heaven upon a New Earth;" and as they come away they will all pray that the grass may ever be green on the Newbury hills, the doves happy in the trees, and Christians plentiful in the homes.

"As long as *Plum Island* shall faithfully keep the commanded Post; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of *Merrimack*; or any Perch, or Pickeril in *Crane Pond*; As long as the Sea Fowl shall know the Time of their coming and not neglect seasonably to visit the Places of their Acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before *Turkie Hill*; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon *Old Town Hills*, and shall from thence look down upon the River *Parker*, and the fruitful *Marshes* lying beneath; As long as any free and harmless Doves shall find a white Oak or other Tree within the Township, to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon; and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley-Harvest; As long as *Nature* shall not grow Old and dote; but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs; so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Now, seeing the Inhabitants of *Newbury*, and of *New England*, upon the due Observance of their Tenure, may expect that their Rich and gracious LORD will continue and confirm them in the Possession of these invaluable Privileges: *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with Reverence and godly Fear. For our God is a consuming Fire.*"



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